

THE
ROD
OF
RECOMPENCE.
OR THE
HAND OF JUSTICE.
In the Punishment of the ENEMIES of
CHURCH & STATE,
BY

Gods Providence and Justice brought
about, after they had by the space of eighteen
years afflicted and tormented both.

Written by JOHN CONSET, D. in Physick.

PSALM 9. 16.

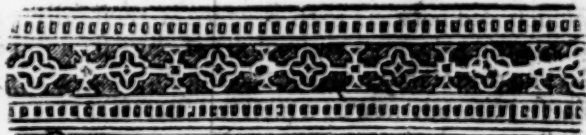
*The Lord is known to execute Judgement, and the wicked shall
be trapped in the work of his own hands.*

*For the poor shall not alway be forgotten, the patient abiding of
the meek shall not perish for ever.*

*For when he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembreth it, and
forgetteth not the complaint of the poor.*

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THE
R O D
 O F
 RECOMPENCE.
 OR THE
 HAND OF JUSTICE.

I
THE branch which late I reached to the just,
Portending Peace
And much increase
Of hap to those who must

Acknowledge Gods high power in Restauration,
 Of them and theirs from this late desolation.
 Its message ended, now becomes a rod
 Of Recompence to those, who man or God

The Rod of Justice.

Of late condemn'd, counting nothing holy
Which did not tend to th' advance of their folly.
Nor spar'd to scourge with insolence the just,
And them to trample in the abject dust.
These Nimrods now by a most just succession,
Must mount the scene to answer their oppression.

II.

Thus have you seen the Providence divine

*From captive thrall
Of late recall, [fine
And end their woes in*

Who did with patience kiss their Sovereigns' hests,
Them daigning for a while (to be oppress'd)
Unto their Tyrant foes to give: But lo,
How he rewards their patience, and how
He crown'd their sufferings with much consolation,
And clears their innocence by this Restauration.

III.

Whilst those who late their stern oppressors were,

*Are captive made,
And in a shade
Of pensive dreary care*

Benighted, and their horrid guilt loud cries
For vengeance on their retchless Butcheries

And

The Rod of Justice.

5

And Providence reads lectures of Instruction
To after-Ages; in their just destruction.

IV.

Not long it is since the black lines of woe,

*Did much ore cloud
And sore enshroud
By this our common foe,*

Those radiant Beams of Royal Majesty,
Which erst enlighten'd faithfull loyalty;
As Phæbus fills the lesser stars with light,
Whose sole Eclipse benights their glory bright.

V.

But now the radiant beams from Gods high favour,

*Th' Eclipse remove,
And in his love
He (appearing a Saviour*

To King and people) those black lines out-raced,
Their comely visage which had so defaced;
And brings on th' Scene their active cruel foe,
Which thus had drawn on them these lines of woe.

A 3

Not

VI

Not long it is since these black sons of errour

*Rebellious Frie
And progeny
And to just men a terror*

Mounted on their usurped Throne did shine
With rayes of Pomp and Triumph; But in fine
Their lustre proves like that which doth proceed
From those false fires which mists and vapors feed.

VII.

Mean while these meteors daily breath out woe,

*Or captive thrall
To the loyal
Who in their tract to go*

Refuse; and therefore cruel servitude,
Or vassalage to them they do conclude.
Nay death and Martyrdome must be their end,
Who to their rage will not assistance lend.

But

VIII.

But now behold these Titans brought to thrall

*By those who late ,
Did satiate
By their distress & fall.*

The spleen and envy of these Tyrants fell,
Who now must change their Throne into a cell :
Their Triumphs into Dirges must they turn ,
And those who long have laught, must learn to mourn
From whence they came, to that they must return.

IX.

Like Insects they from corrupt matter came,

*By th' heat of War
And cruel jar
Late brooded, to the same*

Must they dissolve like those *Egyptian* flies ,
Bred but to plague our Countrey for its vice :
But through repentance God hath them remanded,
Back to their cells again, when th' judgement's ended
Their

X.

Their threats must they into petitions change,

*Who did reject
With dire aspect
(When others torments strange*

Enforc'd to sue for mercy) their Petition;
And charg'd them (Loyal) with some foul sedition.
Steeling their faces with harsh lines of *Terrour*;
Miscal'ling truth with Epithites of *error*;
These may intreat, but *ingly* are forlorn;
Their *Terrours* turn'd into contempt and scorn.

XI.

These are the men who trusted not in God,

*But in their strength
And at the length
Did sway the ruling rod.*

And rather chose sins pleasures for a season,
Might their enjoyments be, though haughty treason
Gainst God and man the same *conferr'd*, than dure
Affliction with Gods people, who abjure

That

XII.

That gain or pleasure which with Gods behest

*Doth not agree
But when they see (best
what to their souls seems*

Do chuse it, though clag'd with clods of affliction,
Or vail'd and shadow'd with clouds of dejection.
For well they know, that to their present grief
Joy shall succeed, and they shall find relief.

XIII.

But these, believe not God for future good,

*But what they see,
They take to be
The only chiefest good.*

And wholly bend their thoughts that to attain
(Gods behests neglecting) make their God their gain,
To which they sacrifice their whole endeavour,
And by this homage from their Maker sever,
Only in word they'l own Him; but in deed,
Their own devices, not his word, they'l creed.

B

They

XIV.

They spar'd no ill to bring about their end ;

*Be't King to kill ,
Or other ill (tend
Whereto their actions*

They wallow in all worldly joyes, and still
(As if no God there were) their Genius fill
With all delights ; Gods Word they only us'd
As servant to their lusts, thus it th' abused.

XV.

And fith they saw no Judgement them ore take,

*As if Gods word
Did not afford
A Rule for us to make*

Our Guide to holy life , they laid aside,
And their success they make their only guide
To prove Gods approbation , but behold
Their *Mediums* bad, and their conclusion cold.

Loc

XVI.

Loe he who 'gainst his Sovereigns life did plead,

*And did attain
He should be slain,
who was our chief & head.*

He for his own life pleads, but is deny'd,
Sith at his instance our dear Sovereign dy'd.
He could not happy be while Charles did live;
Nor we, except to him his meed we give:
His passed sweets must we repay with sowre,
His Sunshines turn'd to Tempests tossing shoure.

XVII.

And he whose frothy Rethorick did move

*By subtile words
which nought affords
But shows of what they love.*

The silly ones (to second his design)
Their Rings, their lives and all for to resign
To his disposal, lo now he wants breath,
Or words to plead, and save himself from death.

B 2

Full

XVIII.

Full often hath this Miscreant abused

*That sacred place,
Whence rayes of Grace
By Gods Word are diffused*

Amongst poor Mortals them to light into
The way of Peace, there did he chuse to do
His Antick Pageants, making it a stage
Of Drollery to the profane phrantique age.
God thus permitting him uncurb'd to run
From ill to worse, till th' height of ills he had done,
And last the Guardon of those ills hath won.

XIX.

And those who erst in pomp and Triumph led

*Armies at will
Do now want skill
To guard their tottering head.*

Their force is scatter'd, and their Armie's shaken,
For Gods just judgement hath them overtaken,
Their valours daunted, and their Crafts out-vi'd,
And their designs made void on every side.

For

XX.

For he who from his Throne beholdeth all,

*which under th' Sun
By man is done,
Or on this stable ball*

Doth come to pass, permits mans curst invention
Sometimes to take effect, but with intention
When he his whole atchievement hath attain'd,
And th' summe of all his wicked hope hath gain'd,
To let him see his hand can quickly foil
His greatest Fortrefs, and is give to spoil.

XXI.

When therefore you oppression do behold

*within a land
Long time to stand,
Let not your faith be cold.*

But know who heaven, and earth, and all hath made,
(Though long he suffer) yet by him's ore swaid
The powers therein contain'd; and 'tis He,
Who all Oppressours and unjust doth see,
And will in time their injuries repay,
Avenge their wrongs at last, though long he stay.

Most,

XXII.

Most true it is we had deserv'd his ire

*Against his best
(For ever blest)
By our rebellion dire,*

With haughty spirits spurning, and with scorn
Rejecting his commands; His patience worn
With our rebellious wanton carriage, turning
To wrath and fury, 'gainst our vices burning.

XXIII.

Therefore he gave us to the Philistim

*To be dejected
And afflicted
By their tortours grim,*

Who spoil'd our houses, and our lands did take
To their possessions, and our Church did make
A Den for foxes, or for Owles a nest.
Our selves their Captives whom they rob'd of rest,
Our women from their pleasant places they
Cast out, and made our joyes become their prey.

Thus

XXIV.

Thus were we toyled with fell servitude,

*Untill at length
God shew'd his strength,
Our sorrows to conclude.*

And did remove from us his scourging hand,
When gain'd the end of his Afflictions, and
Reclaimed us from sinning, then he throwes
Into the fire of vengeance these our foes;
Whom by success he made a Rod to us,
Now burnes the same, our woes concluding thus.

XXV.

Let not therefore Gods patience you incite

*With violence
To innocence
To offer shew'd despite.*

For sure you shall by wofull tryal find,
He all your wrongs will treasure up in mind;
And at the length, he vengeance on your head
Will seirce repay, either alive or dead.

Now

XXVI.

Now fish, O Lord, thy justice doth thus fare

*Avenge all wrong
which here is done,
And doth also procure*

In spite of ill relief to th' wronged flock,
Who flie to thee as their faiths surest rock.
Let us beware how we do thee provoke,
To lay on us thy scourge, and fatal stroke.
And let's in faith and fear wait for thy favour,
That here and after thou mayst be our Saviour.

AMEN.

DEO GLORIA.

